ON THE

DEATH

OF OUR LATE

SOVEREIGN LORD

King CHARES II.

OF

BLESSED MEMORY

A

Pindarique Ode.

BY

Thomas Flatman.

O miki tam longæ maneat pars ultima vitæ,
Spiritus & quantum sat erit Tua *dicere facta!*

Virgil.

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DEATH

SOVEREIGN LORD

CHARIOT

OF

BLESSED MEMORY

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Panegyrique Ode.

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On the much Lamented Death Of our Late Sovereign Lord King CHARLES II. *Of Blessed Memory.*

A PINDARIQUE ODE.

STANZA I.

ALas! Why are we tempted to complain,
That Heav'n is deaf to all our cries!
Regardless of poor Mortals miseries!
And all our fervent Pray'rs devoutly vain!
'Tis hard to think th' immortal Powers attend
Human affairs, who ravish from our sight
The **Man**, on whom such Blessings did depend,
Heav'ns, and Mankind's Delight!
The **Man**! O that opprobrious word **The Man**!
whose measure of duration's but a Span,
Some other Name at **Babel** should have been contriv'd
(By all the vulgar World t'have been receiv'd)
A **Word** as near as could be to Divinity,
Appropriate to **Crown'd Heads**, who never ought to Die;
Some signal Word that should imply
All but the scandal of Mortality.
'Tis fit, we little lumps of crawling Earth,
Deriv'd from a Plebeian birth,

Such as our frail Foreſathers were,
Should to our primitive Duſt repair;
But Princes (like the wondrous Enoch) ſhould be free
From Death's unbounded Tyranny;
And when their Godlike Race is run,
And nothing glorious left undone,
Never ſubmit to Fate, but only Diſappear.

II.

But, ſince th' eternal Law will have it ſo
That Monarchs prove at laſt but finer Clay,
What can their humble Vaſſals do?
What Reverence; what Devotion can we pay,
When theſe, our earthly Gods, are ſnatch'd away?
Yes, we can mourn; Yes, we can beat our breſt,
Yes, we can call to mind thoſe happy dayes
Of Pleaſure, and of Reſt,
When CHARLES the Merciful did reign,
That Golden Age, when void of cares,
All the long Summer's day;
We Atoms in His beams might ſport, and play:
Yes; we can teach our Children to bewail
His fatal Loſs, when we ſhal fail,
And make Babes learn in after days
The pretty way of ſtammering out His Praiſe,
His merited praiſe, which ſhal in every age
With all advantage flame,

In

In spight of Furies, or infernal Rage,
And imp the Wings, and stretch the Lungs of Fame.

III.

Excellent **Prince**, whom every Mouth did bless,
And every bended knee adore,
On whom we gaz'd with ecstasies of Joy
(A Vision which did satisfie, but never cloy)
From whom we dated all our happiness,
And from above could ask no more,
Our gladsome Cup was fill'd till it ran o'r.
Our Land (like **Eden**) flourish'd in **His** time,
Defended by an **Angels** Sword,
A terrour 'twas to those abroad,
But all was **Paradise** to those within:
Nor could th' Old Serpent's Stratagem
Ever supplant **His** well-watch'd Diadem.
Excellent **Prince**, of whom we once did say
With a triumphant noise,
In one united voice,
On that **stupendious Day**,
Long live, Long live the King!
And Songs of IO PÆAN Sing,
How shall we bear this Tragical Surprize,
Now we must change **Long Live**, for **Here he Lies?**

IV.

Have you forgot? (but who can Him forget?)
You watchful Spirits that preside
Or sublunary things,
Who, when you look beneath, do oft deride,
Not without cause, some other petty Kings;
Have you forgot the greatness of His mind,
The bravery of His elevated Soul,
(But He had still a Goshen there)
When darkest Cares around His Royal heart did wind,
As Waves about a steddy Rock do roul:
With what disdain He view'd
The fury of the giddy multitude,
And bare the Cross, with more than manly fortitude,
As He had learn'd in Sacred Lore,
His mighty Master had done long before.
And you must ever own
(Or else you very little know
Of what we think below)
That when the Hurricanes of th' State were o'r,
When in His noon-tide blaze He did appear,
His gently awful brow
Added fresh lustre to th' Imperial Crown,
By Birthright, and by Vertue, more than once His own.

He

V.

He was! --but what He was, how great, how good,
ow juſt, how He delighted not in blood,
ow full of pity, and how ſtrangely kind,
ow hazardouſly conſtant to His Friend,
Peace how glorious, and in War how brave,
ove the Charms of Life, and terrors of the Grave;
When late Poſterity ſhall tell:
hat He has done ſhall to a Volume ſwell,
d every Line abound with Miracle
In that prodigious Chronicle.
rgive (unbody'd Sovereign) forgive,
d from your ſhining Manſion caſt an Eye
pity our officious Blaſphemy,
hen we have ſaid the Beſt we can conceive,
re ſtop (preſumptuous Muſe!) thy daring flight,
re hide thy baffled head in ſhades of night,
ou too obſcure, thy dazling Theme too bright,
r what thou ſhouldſt have ſaid, (with grief ſtruck dumb)
ill more emphatically be ſupply'd
the joynt Groans of melancholy *Chriſtendom*;

He

TO HIS (7)

SACRED MAJESTY

King JAMES II

DRead Prince! whom all the World admires, and fears,
By Heav'n design'd to wipe away our Tears,
To heal our Wounds, and drooping Spirits raise,
And to revive our former *Halcyon* dayes,
Permit us to assure our selves, that You,
Your happy Brothers fortune will pursue,
For what great thing is that You dare not do?
Whose long known, unexampled Gallantry
So oft has shaken th' Earth, and curb'd the haughty Sea;
And may those Stars, that ever on You shone,
Double their influence on Your peaceful Throne,
May You in honourable Deeds out-shine
The brightest Heroes of Your Royal Line,
That when Your Enemies shall the Scepter see
Grasp'd in a hand enur'd to Victory,
The Rebels may like Lucifer fall down,
Or fly, like Phantoms from the rising Sun.

O T

FINIS.